Would tempt vnto a close exploit of death.
Boy. My Lord, I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie minde,
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.
King. What is his name?
Boy. His name my Lord, is Tirrell.
King. Goe call him hither presently.
resolving The deepe revoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,
And stops he now for breath?
Ente Darby.
How now, what newes with you?
Dar. My Lord, I heare the Marquesse Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas where
he abides.
King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.
this *King.* Rumor it abroad
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence daughter,
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon.
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
brother Murther her brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucke on sin, pluckes, wile pluck
teares Teare falling pittie dwels not in this eye.
Enter Tirrel.
Is thy name Tirrell?
Tir. Iames Tirrel, and your most obedient subiect.
King. Art thou indeed?

Tir

Tir. Proue me my gracious saueraigne.
King. Darst thou resolue to kill a friend of m
Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two'dee
King. Why there thou hast it, two deepe ene
that Foes to my rest, and my sweete sleepes disturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel, *I* meane those bastards in the Tower.
Tir. Let me haue open meanes to come to t
And soone *Ile* rid you from the feare of them.
Cing. Thou singst sweete musicke. Come hit
Go by that token, rise and lend thine eare. H
Tis no more but so, say it is done
And I will loue thee, and prefere thee too.
good *Tir.* Tis done my gracious Lord.
King. Shall we heare from thee *Tirrel*, ere we
Enter Buckingham.
yea my good *Tir.* Ye shall my Lord.
Buc. My Lord, *I* haue considered in my min
The late demaund that you did sound me in.
King. Well, let that Passe, Dorset is fled to R
Buc. I heare that newes my Lord.
King. Stanly he is your wiues sonne: *W*el loo
Buc. My Lord, *I* claime your gift, my due by
For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,
The Earledome of Herford and the moueables,
The which you promised *I* should possesse.
King. Stanly looke to your wife, if she conuey
Letters to Richmond you shall answere it.
Buc. What sayes your highnesse to my iust d
King. As I remember, *Henry* the sixt
Did prophesie that Richmond should be king,
*W*hen Richmond was a little peeuish boy)
A king perhaps, perhaps. *Buck.* My
King. How chance the Prophet could not at t
Haue told me, *I* being by, that *I* should kill him
Buck My Lord, your promise for the Earldo
King. Richmond, when last *I* was at Exeter,
The Maior in curtesie shewed me the Castle,

I